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H. Italian.

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P. F. Mack, T. C. Macklin, G. W. Magee, A. E. Maglison, D. P. Maloney, T. Mansfield, C. W. Marcot, H. Marcus, C. M. Martin, A. G. Martin, C. H. Martin, N. Martin, G. R. Martin,



MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE U. S. FLAGSHIP WEST VIRGINIA.

## THE FIST OF THE NATION

Ten Delawares could probably whip the navies of the world if they could get them in ten-ship lots, with time to repair the wounds between rounds. Battle tactics, preparedness, generalship, location, and the mighty human factor all count. Our railroads, our city governments, our corporate industries are tested every day. The navy is tested only in time of war. Preparation we must leave to experts, trusting to the inherent efficiency of American character, and the nerve and precision of the man behind the gun.

If you have ever driven a four-horse span through crowded streets, you can comprehend how much easier it would be to maneuver ten in place of nineteen battleships in such a fashion as to give the maximum of broadside against the enemy's minimum. What formation our nineteen would take, what tactics of their own they have developed as they have gone through the figures of practice with each bow as near the stern ahead as reason will allow is a secret which the wireless keeps. Emissaries from rival training quarters are not invited to watch the fist of our nation in training. This we do know, that if we made one-half the hits we do in practice, no battleship could stand under the concentrated fire of one of ours for fifteen minutes.

### A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND.

Our world is poorer, He our friend is gone!  
This cry has echoed in our heart of hearts  
Since first we knew that God had called him home.  
So now we sit awhile in darkness and in sorrow, mourning not so much for him  
As for those left, the dear ones now bereft;  
Wife and mother, children, father, brother,  
For those friends who knew, and knowing, loved him,  
For all he helped by word and deed to feel  
And see what men should strive for, men could be.  
How great the hold he held upon our hearts,  
We know in the sharp sense of pain that came  
With the first news of loss so personal;  
Something had gone from earth more than a name.  
We each have fought our large or little battle  
With higher, holier courage because of him,  
Because we knew that he was brave and true.  
In borrowed phrase we well might say to those  
Who sadly miss him from his place in circles  
Most familiar, "The sadness that you feel,  
The tears you shed," are interest on a loan,  
Are payments on a debt; the Lord of Life  
Hath loaned us here a while this fearless soul,  
And now the time hath run, or need  
Hath come,  
For just such spirit in some distant sphere.  
And hurrying hence at Duty's stern-voiced call,  
In answer to her summons, he hath gone.  
And so it is, we sit awhile in darkness,  
Voicing still the cry, "Our world is poorer."

### MARINES.

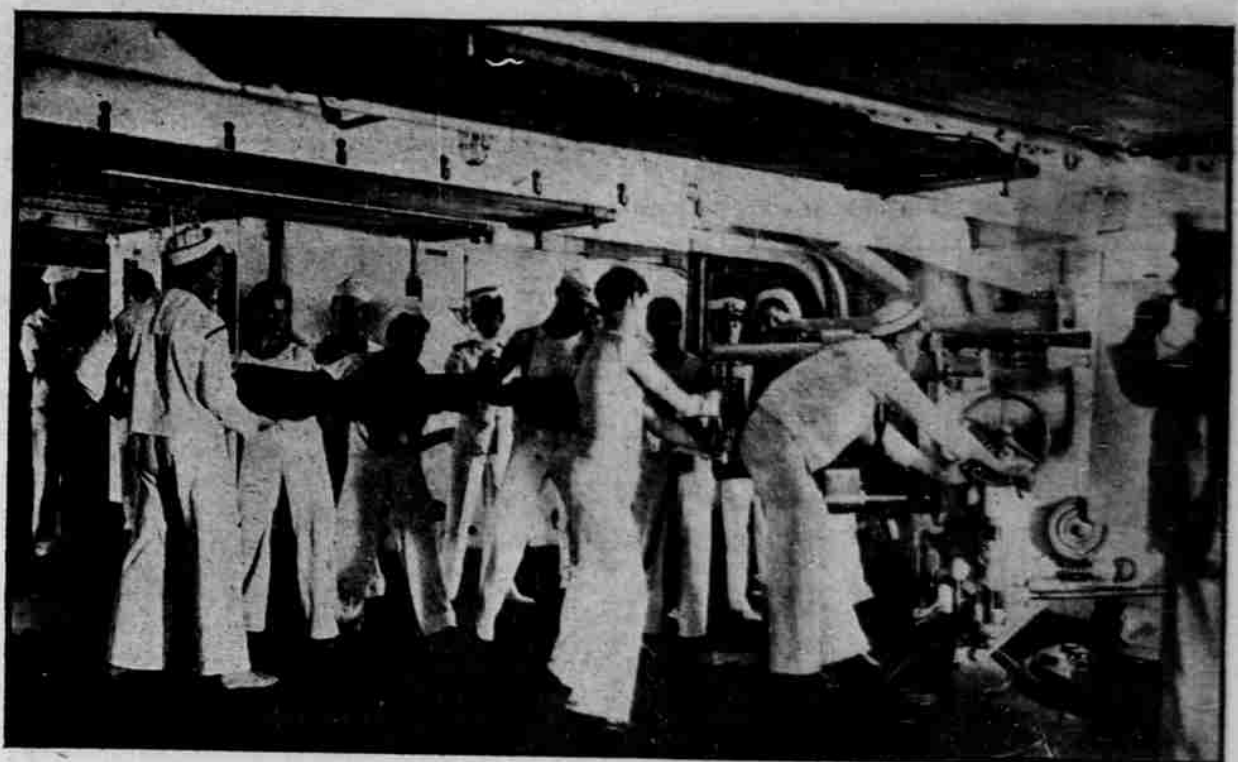
V. H. Czegka, M. C. Palmer, A. E. Potts, N. N. Van Dyke, G. A. Brodstrom, A. R. Converse, O. H. Dahl, A. H. Steinhardt, W. E. Steinkomph, A. J. Macdonald, G. Oechloner, J. V. Alexander, A. P. Allie, E. Anderson, M. T. Andersen, G. S. Beardsley, Max Blumenthal, A. A. Bogart, T. F. Boland, O. H. C. Bosshardt, C. Bromberg, F. Brooks, W. P. Brown, J. A. Burrell, C. A. Campbell, A. E. Carley, G. T. Daly, B. Daminski, G. R. Davis, C. T. Depre, Wm. Eulich, A. N. Fry, D. H. Gaynon, W. B. Gerald, J. A. Gough, J. P. Gregory, J. Hansen, J. Henon, E. Henry, V. M. Hoffman, J. M. Jensen, H. Johansen, J. J. Kostreza, B. D. Lodge, J. Lizer, E. H. McDonald, V. Nanick, J. Olson, Leo Pare, H. S. Phillips, A. E. Quam, A. Sawotke, A. Scheffer, J. W. Shaw, H. H. Shepherd, H. C. Smith, E. W. Stockley, W. R. Terry, Ole Trulson, J. Walsh, L. J. Witaszak.

### A TERRIBLE SUGGESTION.

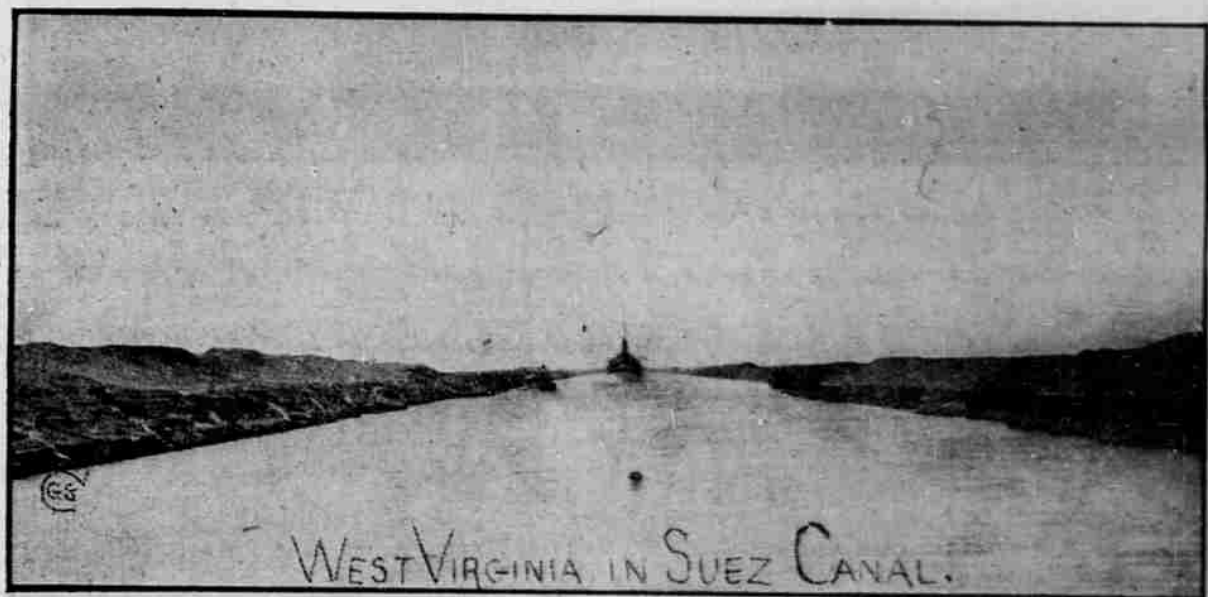
"Have you any confidence in the theory that people think with their feet?" asked one scientist.  
"None whatever," answered the other.  
"In this era of two-steps and rattle the idea would be horrible!"—Washington Star.

### UNDISTURBED.

"Does the strike you have on hand seriously inconvenience your company?"  
"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "on the contrary, it affords us a better excuse than usual for the bad service that is constantly complained of."—Washington Star.



U. S. S. MARYLAND'S RECORD SIX-INCH GUN CREW AT WORK.



WEST VIRGINIA IN SUEZ CANAL.

### NEW WAY TO FILL A TOOTH.

In an attempt to employ a door and a match in the extraction of an aching molar yesterday Joan Tobias, 23 years old, burned his neck and chin severely. Incidentally he lost a necktie and a shirt through fire. He extracted the tooth, however.

Tobias had been awakened in the early hours yesterday morning with a jumping pain in his mouth. Various remedies applied from then on throughout the day gave little or no relief. Ingenuity born of desperation evolved an original plan.

Procuring a piece of stout cord Tobias tied one end around the aching member. The other he tied to the knob of the back door. Standing off until the string was taut he reached into his pocket, took from his match safe a match and struck it on the jamb.

Then he suddenly applied it beneath his chin. The idea, of course, was to excite the motor nerves to a sudden jerk from danger. This succeeded and the tooth, blood red at one end, swung back and forth with the motion of the door. But the sudden jerk landed the lighted match on Tobias's necktie and shirt front. In a moment they were aflame and scorching his chin and breast.

Covering the fire with his hands the flame was soon extinguished and Tobias went to St. Luke's Hospital, around the corner, for treatment.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### AN AMBITION.

"So you want to become an ambassador," exclaimed the man of power.  
"Yes," replied the opulent person.  
"I thought you were devoted to your automobile. When did you become interested in diplomacy?"  
"I'm not especially interested in diplomacy. What I want is to get some position where I'll have government protection against arrest for violating the speed regulations."—Washington Star.

### COMPARISON.

Mrs. Johnson (over the tub)—Dean Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnson?  
Mr. Johnson—Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah snuffed mah fatha!—Puck.

The West Virginia was one of the cruisers reviewed by the President at Oyster Bay on Labor Day, 1906.

### SUMMER CONUNDRUMS.

What does Sweet William carry when he goes out walking?—A sugar cane.  
What does Black-Eyed Susan use to keep her hair in order?—Cockatomb.  
What form of entertainment is common among the flowers?—Hops.  
What disease is common to young flowers?—Nettle Rash.  
On what does the Wandering Jew rest when tired?—Toadstools.  
Which parent made Johnny jump up?—His poppy.  
What tree always uses the second personal pronoun?—Yew.  
What tree is formed by two letters of the alphabet?—L M (Elm).  
What tree is the most dapper?—Spruce.  
What tree is the sweetest?—Maple.  
What tree is the most melancholy?—Weeping Willow.  
What tree is proud of being a parent?—Pawpaw.  
What tree is a sorry invalid?—Sycamore.  
What tree is used in building materials?—Lime.  
What tree keeps one warm in winter?—Fir.  
What tree does history make constant use of?—Date.

### MOJARCHS AND SMOKERS.

Almost every sovereign of modern Europe is a great smoker. King Edward, as is well known, smokes the very best of cigars, but when he is with his intimate friends he sometimes smokes a briar pipe. Two confirmed cigar smokers are the King of the Belgians and the King of Portugal, both of whom smoke about a dozen a day, but the Emperor of Austria, in spite of his advanced age, prefers a pipe, and has one in his mouth all day long. The Kaiser has been advised by his doctors to smoke as little as possible, and though he possesses some wonderful pipes, he now confines himself to a cigarette, usually throwing it away half finished. On the other hand, the Czar smokes at least 30 cigarettes a day, and the King of Spain also prefers cigarettes, which he always smokes in a long amber holder mounted with gold. Every now and then, however, he ventures on a choice Havana. King Victor Emmanuel is not much of a smoker, and only takes one or two cigarettes a day, while the King of Sweden is the exception, for he does not smoke at all.—Tit Bits.

### A GRAVE ON THE BORDER.

Only a grave on the border,  
There in the shifting sands,  
Where the winds blow hot across the waste  
Of arid, burning lands.  
A pile of stones, a headboard rough,  
To mark the lone spot—  
Soldier or miner, I wonder which?  
Thirst, or a pistol shot!

Only a grave on the border—  
And the winds of the desert bare  
Sing their song, a requiem,  
On the shimm'ring, stifling air.  
The howl of the sun-hot coyote  
Comes from yonder hill,  
When the night is black and the hot winds dead,  
And the cactus gaunt and still.

Only a grave on the border,  
Lonesome and desolate,  
With headboard bleached and name obscure—  
One of the whims of Fate.  
Who but God can tell it,  
The tale of the sunny plot?  
Soldier or miner, I wonder which?  
Thirst, or a pistol shot!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### SOME DAY.

Some day we'll know and we'll understand,  
Heart of my heart, in a lily-sweet land;  
Some day the mystery and meaning will shine,  
Heart of my heart, both for your eyes and mine!  
Some day we'll know why the worry and care  
Have come for our hearts and our shoulders to bear;  
Some day we'll know of the rest that we dream,  
And the cool of the grass and the charms of the stream,  
Low in the valleys and high on the hill,  
Where the heartbeat of time trembles softly and still;  
Some day we'll know all we hunger to know,  
Heart of my heart in the land where we go!  
This that is trouble and worry and pain  
Shall fall from our lives like the mist after rain!  
Some day we'll know it was sweet to have borne  
Our share to the shores of the land of the morn!  
—Baltimore Sun.